

### Russia's Crown Jewels.

THE ex-Russian Empress is said to have sent the Russian crown jewels for safe keeping to her native Darmstadt early in the war. These jewels, valued at \$100,000,000, were kept in the vaults of the Winter Palace, but the revolutionists found only the imperial crown, from which the precious stones had been extracted.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF THRILLS AND ADVENTURE.

Tom Arrives on the Scene Just in Time to Save Pearl from Death in the Quicksands.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish.....PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake.....Warner Oland  
The High Priestess.....Ruby Hoffman  
Tom Carleton.....Henry Gsell

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.  
Episode 16.

(Copyright, 1917, by Fred Jackson, all rights reserved.)

"LISTEN!" he cried. "She's calling for help! Where is she? See if you can tell!" The others listened, critically. "That's not Pearl—it's an owl!" asserted one man.

"It is Pearl. It's coming from over there!" put in another, pointing West.

"No-o, from there!" said a third, pointing North.

Her Cries Guide Him.

The sound came again, more faintly. The guests surrounding Tom began to argue among themselves as to the direction from which it came. Ignoring them Tom started back along the road until he reached a thinner stretch of woods and broke through there, toward the other path. The others, giving up their useless bickering, followed him.

Tom scratched by out-reaching branches, but undeterred, Tom rushed on—guided by her cries. A second scrap of her gauzy-robe cheered him with the knowledge that he was on the right trail. He forgot weariness, pain and grief. He thought only of reaching her in time.

And luck was with him.

Coming at last into the clearing, he saw her—white and half-fainting—sunk in the quicksands to her chin. But her hands were clear of the mess. Her arms were stretched wildly above her head.

"Thank God! Tom—save me—save me!" she shrieked, beside herself with terror.

He started for her—felt his feet slip upon the edge of the bog—and hesitated. The other guests, drawing nearer, seized hold of him protestingly.

"Don't go—you'll only throw away your life! You can't help her!" they cried.

But Tom's mind worked swiftly. To stand by and see her sucked down to death before his eyes was unthinkable. He would have died before he would have done that. His own life was as nothing compared to hers. He would have sacrificed himself a thousand times to give her one moment more.

And there was one chance in a million to save her. He saw it—and without hesitation—took it. Flinging off the others who would have staid him, he climbed a tree on the edge of the sands and swiftly made his way out to the end of one of the heavy overhanging branches.

The branch bent down with his weight, but he did not falter.

Would it break and cast him, too, into the waiting grave—or would it hold? The crowd on the solid earth, wondering—and hardly breathing as they waited. And the earth bubbled and sucked about Pearl, covering her chin—her nose. It was almost to her ears.

But Tom pressed on. Twining his feet about the limb, he swung head downward and reached for Pearl's upstretched hand. The limb creaked and groaned. He could not quite

reach. Slipping further along, he tried again. This time their hands met and he began to draw her up.

Back to Solid Ground.

He got her head free—and she caught her breath. Courageously she had held it, keeping the water and sand out of her nostrils. He lifted her further out, clearing her to her waist, battling with the sand for every inch of her. But when he had done that, he realized that he had done all that he could.

He could lift her no higher. And he could not endure the strain of her weight for long. Was his effort in vain?

A shout from the solid earth filled him with new strength. He turned his eyes that way and saw the others tearing off their garments—binding them together into a great rope.

"Courage!" he whispered.

Pearl raised her eyes to his trustingly, sweetly, confidently.

And then the strange life line whizzed through the air. Freeing one hand, Tom caught it and slipped the large noose that they had made over Pearl's head, and down beneath her arm-pits.

On the solid earth, the others trusted valiantly, and Tom released his hold. She was drawn swiftly along the quaking mass to solid ground, where a cloak was thrown about her and strong arms supported her.

Tom squirmed back along the limb of the tree to safety and managed to reach her just before she fainted.

In the Standishes' living room, the doctor, who had been summoned hastily to attend Cecily, extracted the bullet without difficulty and cleansed and bound up her wound.

"This is a comparatively insignificant injury," he said. "She will recover in no time. I assure you!" Aunt Mattie regarded him grimly.

"I sincerely hope you are right," she said, "though it's been my experience that doctors seldom are. However, the law says you've got a perfect right to pass an opinion on cases of this sort, and I am no one to oppose the law. If her wound is so slight there'll be no harm in having her moved out, and the sooner she goes the better I'll like it. I never was one to consort with thieves and murderers, nor the associates of thieves and murderers."

The doctor rose.

"I see no reason why she should not be moved," he said. Good night, Madame." He glanced at Cecily's motionless form and passed out with a sigh. He had an eye for beauty. Aunt Mattie—intercepting the glance and comprehending the sigh—glared after him, then turned and glared indignantly down at the sleeping girl. That one so wicked should look so sweet was sorely puzzling to her. It did not seem quite just.

"The Spider" Calls.

Cecily, as though feeling the hostile glance fixed upon her, stirred uneasily, and Aunt Mattie jumped back with a gasp of fright. But the girl made no further attempt to attack her, and the old lady was just settling down again beside the couch when the butler threw open the door with a flourish and announced: "A—ahem—a gentleman to see Miss Standish!"

To Be Continued To-morrow.

## Do You Know That--

One of the latest American inventions is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings, and have banished it completely where country fields are concerned. They will always substitute a curve wherever possible or they will torture it with a zigzag. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons.

In olden days none but the King was allowed to ride along Rotten Row, and for a time the privilege was jealously guarded. Therefore it was known as "Route de Roi," otherwise the King's way; and it became in time corrupted into "Rotten Row."

The manufacture of coral is confined to Torre del Greco. In other cities, such as Naples, Rome and Paris, often pointed out as centres of coral manufacture, only the mounting of coral in jewelry is done.

It is stated that strong perfumes have power to intoxicate and benumb, and workers in the perfume laboratories are occasionally so much affected as to need medical aid.

The Government of Mozambique

has granted an exclusive concession to a Cape Town firm for the manufacture of paper pulp in Mozambique from the baobab tree.

The world's sugar supply is derived annually from over twelve million acres, this acreage being divided between cane and beets.

The output of iron ore in Corea in 1916 amounted to 245,418 tons. Horseshoes of cowhide are, it is said, made in Australia.

There are six hundred and seventy-two known volcanoes in the world, of which two hundred and seventy are active.

Steel tempered in phenol has more hardness and elasticity than when it has been tempered in water.

Light is known to have an injurious effect on bacteria; hence it is an important hygienic factor.

To preserve ink, add from one and a half to two grains of salicylic acid to one quart of ink.

Scarlet flowers are believed to stand drought better than any other.

You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It

# Magazine Page

## Delightful Frocks of Smart New Designs

Reprinted by Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



THE silhouette is slimmer, as in the dress below of excellent navy blue Potret tulle, and here the smartest of designs is accomplished by black braid. The surplice bodice is accentuated by a collar of white satin; \$29.50. Velvet ribbon hat, any color. Price \$12.75.

IN the frock above the woman who takes pleasure in the careful selection of her clothes will be delighted. The slimmer silhouette, the tunic, and the embroidered "rimming"—all are attractively combined. The top is of Georgette crepe, and the rest of satin; black, prune, blue or taupe are the colors; \$39. Punne hat, any color, \$13.50.

If you are looking for a practical suit for everyday wear here it is above. It has the narrow two-piece skirt and a long coat. The material is a good wearing quality of men's wear serge, which falls in fine knife plaits. The trimming is of gray fur, and there is a belt to fit the coat closely; navy blue or black, \$18.75. Velvet hat, any color, \$12.

## DRACULA, or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

PART ONE—(Continued)

I DID not see the application, and told him so. For reply he reached over and took my ear in his hand and pulled it playfully, as he used long ago to do at lectures, and said: "The good husbandman tell you so then because he know, but not till then. But you do not find the good husbandman dig up his planted corn to see if he grows; that is for the children who play at husbandry, and not for those who take it as of the work of their life. See you now, friend John? I have sown my corn, and Nature has her work to do in making it sprout; if he sprout at all, there's some promise, and I wait till the ear begins to swell." He broke off, for he evidently saw that I understood. Then he went on, and very gravely:

"You were always a careful student and your casebook was ever more full than the rest. You were only student then; now you are master, and I trust that good habit have not fail. Remember, my friend, that knowledge is stronger than memory, and we should not trust the weaker. Even if you have not kept the good practice, let me tell you that this case of our dear miss is one that may be—mind, I say may be—of such interest to us and others that all the rest may not make him kick the beam, as your people say. Take then good note of it."

"Nothing is too small, I counsel you, put down in record even your doubts and surmises. Hereafter it may be of interest to you to see how true you guess. We learn from failure, not from success."

When I described Lucy's symptoms—the same as before, but infinitely more marked—he looked very grave, he said nothing. He took with him a bag in which were many instruments and drugs, "the ghastly paraphernalia of our beneficial trade," as he once called, in one of his lectures, the equipment of a professor of the healing craft. When we were shown in, Mrs. Westenra met us.

She was alarmed, but not nearly so much as I expected to find her. Nature in one of her beneficent moods has ordained that even death has some antidote to its own terrors. Here, in a case where any shock may prove fatal, matters are so ordered that, from some cause or other, the things so personal—even the terrible change in her daughter to whom she is so attached—do not seem to reach her.

It is something like the way Dame Nature gathers round a foreign body an envelope of some insensitive tissue which it would otherwise harm by contact. If this be an ordered selfishness, then we should pause before we condemn anyone for the view of egoism, for there may be deeper roots for its causes than we have knowledge of.

I used my knowledge of this phase of spiritual pathology, and laid down a rule that she should not be present with Lucy or think of her illness more than was absolutely required. She assented readily, so readily that I saw again the hand of Nature fighting for life. Van Helsing and I were shown up to Lucy's room.

If I was shocked when I saw her have been in an agony. The dad was

yesterday, I was horrified when I saw her today. She was ghastly, chalkily pale; the red seemed to have gone even from her lips and gums, and the bones of her face stood out prominently; her breathing was painful to see or hear. Val Helsing's face grew set as marble, and his eyebrows converged till they almost touched over his nose. Lucy lay motionless and did not seem to have strength to speak, so for a while we were all silent. Then Van Helsing beckoned to me, and we went gently out of the room.

BLOOD TRANSFUSION IS IMMEDIATE DEMAND.

The instant we had closed the door he stepped quickly along the passage to the next door, which was open. Then he pulled me quickly in with him and closed the door. "My God!" he said; "this is dreadful. There is no time to be lost. She will die for sheer want of blood to keep the heart's action as it should be. There must be transfusion of blood at once. Is it you or me?"

"I am younger and stronger, Professor. It must be me."

"Then get ready at once. I will bring up my bag. I am prepared." I went downstairs with him, and as we were going there was a knock at the hall door. When we reached the hall the maid had just opened the door, and Arthur was stepping quickly in. He rushed up to me, saying in an eager whisper:

"Jack, I was so anxious. I read between the lines of your letter, and I was shocked when I saw her have been in an agony. The dad was

better, so I ran down here to see for myself. Is not that gentleman Dr. Van Helsing? I am so thankful to you, sir, for coming." When first the professor's eye had lit upon him he had been angry at my interruption at such a time; but now, as he took in his stalwart proportions and recognized the strong young manhood which seemed to emanate from him, his eyes gleamed. Without a pause he said to him gravely as he held out his hand:

"Sir, you have come in time. You are the lover of our dear miss. She is bad, very, very bad. Nay, my child, do not go like that." For he suddenly grew pale and sat down in a chair almost fainting. "You are to help her. You can do more than any that live, and your courage is your best help."

"What can I do?" asked Arthur hoarsely. "Tell me, and I shall do it. My life is here, and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her." The professor has a strongly humorous side, and I could from old knowledge detect a trace of its origin in his answer:

"My young sir, I do not ask so much as that—not the last!"

"What shall I do?" There was fire in his eyes, and his open nostril quivered with intent. Van Helsing slapped him on the shoulder. "Come!" he said. "You are a man, and it is a man we want. You are better than me, better than my friend John." Arthur looked bewildered, and the professor went on by explaining in a kindly way:

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

(Copyrighted)

### Great Dipper Hanging Low.

IN the evenings now you will find the Great Dipper lying almost on the horizon directly in the north, while its "balancing partner," Cassiopeia, is nearly overhead. The Pole Star then indicates true north, since the pole is on the straight line between these constellations, and consequently on the meridian.

## Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Warren Buys Theatre Tickets as a Surprise and Is Angry Because Helen Is Too Tired to Go.

Copyright, 1917, by International News Service.

"WELL, get on your things," said Warren briskly, "and we'll take in 'The Firebug.' I got tickets for it this afternoon."

"Oh Warren," said Helen, looking up from her dessert, "what made you do that without telling me?"

"I wanted to surprise you."

"But dear, I told you over the telephone this afternoon how tired I was. I have been sewing on those draperies all day."

"I know it, and I went right out and bought the tickets after I rang off. It will be the best thing in the world for you to go and see a good play that will make you laugh and forget all about yourself and your troubles."

"But dear, you don't seem to realize that I am too tired to enjoy myself."

"I know you're tired. You're tired sitting indoors in a study room with the radiator going like the mischief, and sewing on those curtains. What you need is a good ride down on the 'bus in the open air, and a good evening of fun, and you will come home and sleep well."

"But Warren, I haven't the energy to get dressed for the theatre. I am simply dead."

"But you couldn't be dead," said Warren impatiently. "You've worked hard I know, but you haven't done any physical work. How can you be so tired?"

"I'm tired nervously," Helen tried to explain, although the explanation did not sound at all convincing when spoken. "It's a strain to sit for a number of hours sewing steadily, and it works on the nerves."

Did It Be Kind.

"Well, if you are only nervously tired, all the more reason why you ought to go out. If you go to bed now, you won't sleep a wink, and you know it."

Warren had done what he considered a thoughtful thing. It was more than thoughtful, it was generous, and he could not bear to think of giving up his treat. The truth of the matter was that he would be doing a far kinder thing for Helen in allowing her to do as she pleased. She really was deadly tired, and while wrapping up in a long coat and simply going for a ride on the 'bus, hidden by the friendly dark, might have appealed to her, the very thought of getting dressed and sitting in a lighted theatre frizzled her nerves still more.

Warren had done what nine out of ten men would have done in his place—tried to spring a kindly surprise at the wrong time.

Helen felt uncomfortable. She hated to hurt Warren's feelings and she knew that he would not understand. For a moment she thought

of doing as he liked, but the very thought of the energy it would require sickened her. She was nervously tired out and she needed rest, not excitement.

"You couldn't exchange the seats could you dear? she began tentatively.

"Exchange them? Or course not! Aren't you going to buck up and go with me?"

"Warren dear, I'd simply love to go any night but to-night. I wish you could understand and appreciate just how I feel."

Cannot Understand.

"You have no business to try to do so much in one day. You always act as though you weren't going to be another day on earth, and must finish your allotted job before you die. Why can't you do a little bit every day and not get so tired as this?"

"Why, I could dear, but in a case of this kind, I wanted to get finished as quickly as possible. I do hate any work about the house delayed more than is necessary."

"Well, you women are all the same—this deadly tearing up of things every Spring and Fall, making your husbands miserably uncomfortable. And then when you get together you all seem to take a melancholy delight in telling each other how dead tired you are, and reciting everything that you have done to get into that state."

This was a long speech for Warren, and he relapsed into silence for a few moments afterward. Helen felt so nervous that she wanted to cry. She was afraid she might break down, and she knew that Warren detested scenes of this kind, and he always insisted that she could control herself if she tried.

Helen thought to slip out of the dining room without attracting his attention, as he seemed to be engrossed in his paper, but he looked up as soon as she rose from her chair.

Thinks Her Stubborn.

"Are you going?" he rasped out.

"Dear, I simply can't go to a play to-night—I simply can't. If you could exchange the seats, I'd love to go to-morrow or any other time, but not to-night."

"Well, I'm not going to exchange them, and I'll go down and get one of the fellows to go with me. I'll be a long time before you can expect me to do anything of the kind again, I can tell you that. The way this has been appreciated settles things for me."

"But Warren, I do appreciate it, really I do. I simply am too tired to go, that's all," and Helen turned away quickly to hide the first of a nervous fit of crying.

"Very sorry, but yourself. For my part, I think you are just stubborn. If it means enough to you to miss one of the best shows in New York, I don't see why you shouldn't make me unhappy."

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Decide Carefully.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-seven years old. For some time I have been going about with three men, and I have tried to treat them all alike, and they have all met each other and each one knows that the other two are calling on me regularly. I have just been a good pal to all of them and we have had such good times. Now I am in a way, sorry to say that the intentions of these three have begun to grow serious all at once. I have tried to play the game fair so far, and really took none of them seriously until lately. I enjoyed their companionship and they enjoyed mine—that was all.

Two of these men are a few years my senior and one of them is just double my age. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think that I could be happy with the oldest man, or do you think that the difference in our ages is too great. He is a widower and has a married son living out West. He is very active and seems so young for a man of his age, and is so thoughtful and gentle and interesting—traits, which, I am sorry to say, are sadly missing in men of the present day.

A READER.

I THINK your real problem is that you have suddenly discovered that you are in love with a man of fifty-four. Your common sense tells you that while this marriage may work out splendidly, there is a percentage of doubt because you belong to different generations and have different interests. I really dare not take the responsibility of advising you, but my opinion is that years must not be permitted to count too much. Are you congenial mentally? Do you really love this man or simply admire him? Are you swayed by the fact that you are twenty-seven and it is "about time for you to settle down?"

YES, I do think this boy would

enjoy hearing from you. Write him friendly, kindly little letters, not gushing, sentimental ones. Make him feel that some one at home is interested in what he is doing and is proud of his devotion to his country. But don't drag in any emotional element. There's nothing forward about writing to this boy, unless you make your letters forward.

Write Sensible Notes.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A boy who lived in my neighborhood recently received a commission at one of the officers' training camps, and upon learning this I wrote him a little note congratulating him because I really felt quite proud of him. He answered my letter in a very friendly way. Now what I want your advice on is this: Do you think it would be forward or unadvisable of me to write him again, as I would like to keep in touch with him and know how he is getting on. I feel that a chap away from home would appreciate a little note now and then. Do you agree with me? I would appreciate your advice in this matter as I have always followed it.